

It had been billed as a mystical place as part of the Magical Ireland Tour, but as Myra and Leela looked at the ruined well, it looked more like an overgrown pile of stones than anything else. The two women were dressed for a strenuous walk in the Irish summer with sneakers, capris, and t-shirts.

“I can’t fucking believe this,” Myra swore, throwing the guidebook on the ground and then stomping on it. She puffed at a red curl which had escaped her ponytail and then continued her tirade, her pale face starting to turn red under her freckles. “I can’t fucking believe I spent my entire vacation hiking around Ireland with bloody nothing to show for it.”

“I mean, that we got a vacation at all is probably reward enough,” Leela said, putting up her hands like she was trying to calm a raging bull. “We’ve been busting our humps for months just for a couple days off. I, for one, think they have been wonderful. Really any day away from the desk is a wonderful one.”

“Speak for yourself, no-chest,” Myra spat and then cupped her large boobs. “I’ve been lugging these bloody jiggle machines around the whole time.”

Leela bit her bottom lip to keep from snapping back. While light-hearted bickering was a normal thing for them, Myra was going a bit further than usual. Thinking for a moment, she ran her finger along her long dark hair and tucked it behind her ear before putting that hand on her hip.

“Look, calm your cow tits and listen to me. You’ve made your vacation miserable not the tour. There’s no reason you couldn’t have enjoyed yourself.”

“No reason? I had expectations!” Myra said, stomping her foot on the book once more.

“Expectations based on your Gran’s stories! We could have looked at castles or gone beer tasting, but you insisted we hike around and look at faerie circles and old trees.”

Myra's expression went from aggravated to pensive as her brows dropped and she scrunched up her face. "I just wanted to feel reconnected to my homeland, you know?"

"Oh, trust me, I get it. My visit to India for Amar's wedding was not exactly what I had expected either, but I found a way to enjoy myself anyway."

"Not everyone enjoys talking with twenty guys a night."

Leela's smile went flat. "Look, enough with the insults. I get it. You're upset, but I will leave your ass here if you don't stop attacking me."

"I'm sorry--I mean it!" Myra added catching Leela's eyes narrowing. "The last few months have been tough and I was hoping for something magical to take my mind off it."

"You mean with the project?"

"No, just been trying to finally move into my own flat and I'm just not making enough. When I graduated, I never expected to still be living at home at 30 while having a full time job."

"Yeah..." Leela awkwardly put her hand on her shorter friend's shoulder. "I know what you mean. I'm lucky that my parents were able to help me with school, but it's a tight squeeze each month."

Myra stomped over to the pile of stones and pushed one into the opening. A splash came back a moment later. "Well, I guess there's no harm in making a wish."

"Might as well since we came out here."

They each pulled out a pound and clutched it for a moment. Leela thought of all the times she wished she had done what she wanted instead of trying to appease her parents as the oldest. She wished that she could go back and devote more time to school. Fixing the desire to have another go at her twenties in her mind, she dropped the coin into the dark pit.

"What'd you wish for?" Leela asked as they turned to walk back.

“That I could go back and do something different, you know? Make new decisions based on knowing how things turned out.”

“Hah! Me, too.”

“I mean, had I known I was going to end with bloody tits the size of my head, I probably would have spent more time modeling..or, you know...”

The ground began to rumble and they turned to see a bright light blast out of the well. Before their eyes, the moss recoiled from the light and the stones formed back into an identifiable shape. The light arched up out of the well and hit them. They were both lifted a few inches off the ground. Leela’s body tingled to her fingertips. Then the light was gone and they tumbled to the grassy knoll.

“What the bloody hell?” Myra yelled as she rubbed her head.

“Maybe it was our wish?” Leela said before pulling out her ID. Everything looked the same until she realized her birth year had moved up by more than ten years. She was nineteen again! “Holy hell, we really did get younger.”

“That explains this,” Myra said pointing to her considerably smaller bust. “I had a growth spurt freshman year.”

“But if we’re uni students again, why are we still on vacation from wor--oh!” Leela put her hand to her head as a shocking sensation hit her. The memories of her life began to shift and change. She was now the youngest of three, the little bean pole her brothers used to tease for being a stick. This was one of many site visits to figure out what university to attend. Being a local, Myra was her assigned buddy.

Then everything was back and they were coworkers who had started work for Barclay’s at the same time. “Whoa...”

“The bloody hell did that wish do?”

“Exactly what we asked. To make us university students again.”

“What does that even mean?”

There was another zap and her memories switched again. She and Myra had spent a week together and this was the last afternoon of the trip. The girls with very different backgrounds had hit it off and become fast friends.

“What do I want to do when I grow up?” Leela repeated a question that she remembered but had never heard. “I mean, if I was honest, I want to discover something new. The internet is such a big place, there has to be new technologies to pioneer.”

“But how is that a job? How does college help that?”

“I mean, working with mentors and building a network helps with that kind of stuff, I guess. And going to college makes that easier, right?”

“That’s what they say...but the world’s so different now. Someone with a little oomph can make it big on the internet.”

“Is that why you spent all that time on photo editing and fashion design?”

“Sort of, but I mean something more drastic.”

Leela squeezed her eyes shut as another zap restored her memories of her old life. Myra was grinning ear to ear. “I’m gonna use the well to wish myself sexy and do something else with my life besides sit at a desk. If I’m gonna end up with fucking huge tits, I might as well do something with them instead of having to minimize their impact on my career.”

“Wait, that’s--” but Myra was already walking towards the well.

She fished around in her pocket and pulled out several pounds. Holding them out over the well, she glanced at Leela with an eyebrow raised. “Is this just for me, or are you making a wish, too?”

Leela shook her head and scooted back. Myra laughed and dropped the whole lot in at once. The sounds of the coins hitting the water were more like chimes than splashes. Leela felt her brain fuzz again as the light enveloped Myra and then swept towards her. Frantic, the thought of getting more empathic crossed her mind and she clung to the idea as the magic whirled around her once more.

When she opened her eyes, nothing seemed different. She had come up here with her buddy to see a local urban legend. The light had certainly been surprising, but surely there was an explanation for it.

“Myra, why’d you you that?”

“I heard the well was magic, so I wished to be a model. That way, I don’t have to go to college to get a good job. That way, my fight with the world is not to survive my debts, but to grab my place in it.

Leela started to argue about how irresponsible that might have been when Myra grabbed her stomach and an audible gurgle emanated from her body. “Oh! I think it’s starting!”

First to noticeably change were her legs. Her short build slowly stretching as her calves and thighs lengthened. Even as her limbs elongated, they thickened at the same time which made their growth even more apparent. Her feet strained against her sneakers as her muscles contented with her pants, both looked like losing battles as stitching began to pop.

Her already tortured pants gave token resistance as her thighs began to plump up, pale flesh forming mounds in the rents. There was a loud tearing sound and Myra turned around to show off how big her ass had already become. The shelf of muscle filled her hands as she bounced it a few times.

The t-shirt was the next theatre on her body’s war with her clothes. Already the hem was rising as her torso reshaped. Myra had been pudgy before, but now her stomach had a sensual

thickness to it. It was wider, but flatter and it flowed down into her waistband that was still holding on even as it was forced up by her still growing ass.

She hefted her growing boobs and Leela could almost see them from behind. As her friend turned, there was a flash of what must have been a dream or a half forgotten life where Myra was very busty. She was already almost there again. She had hated her cow tits before, but from how her eyes were rolled back as she groped them through her straining shirt, that was not the case now.

Inch by inch, Myra's tits swelled. Their shape was a shade of fake from how full they were, but there were no hallmarks of any obvious implants either. The shirt's hem rode up further, the edge rising from her stomach. Her nips pressed against the cotton, making themselves more apparent. Leela watched, transfixed, as they grew with each passing second from the thickness of a pencil eraser to a bottle cap.

It had only been a few minutes, but Myra's bust finally grew past her size from the time lost to the first wish. Then they kept expanding, their curves steadily creeping down her body. The shirt's hem pulled tight against her underbust. For a moment, there was only the sound of straining as Myra's body was held in check by her clothes. Then, her pant's waistband snapped and fell away.

Myra's hips surged wider suddenly, the curve of her thighs surpassing her shoulders even as her stance widened. Leela could swear her friend's pelvis was widening from how thick her lower half was becoming.

Just then, the shirt began to come apart at the seams. Flesh bubbled out of the tiny holes, forcing them bigger as her bust line marched onwards. A moment later, it was only the hem which was holding on and it was like Myra was wearing a very daring tank top. The fold of cloth caught on nips as half as long as her thumb. Panting, Myra frantically caressed them, her

fingers seeming small in comparison. The stimulation only hastened the rest of her growth as her tits grew past her waist. Finally, the hem snapped, and the full weight of her tits dropped to her stomach.

Standing there in only a pair of briefs that fit like a thong, Myra looked nothing like a conventional model. Perhaps she had wished to be a fetish model, as Leela could fathom no other purpose for her exaggerated hourglass beyond being a sexual fantasy.

The redhead seemed absorbed in her transformation. Her hands roamed her body to the sound of her rising moans, it became apparent just how truly large she had become. Leela found herself unable to look away, her gaze following the movement of her friend's hands.

When Myra dragged her fingers up her plush thighs, it was obvious they were at least twice as thick as before. Even with her noticeably wider pelvis, there was no gap between her plump quads.

As she moved up to slide along the peaks of her hips, they were easily several feet wide from how far apart her hands were. She hugged her thick stomach next, her arms lifting her massive tits and squishing them together. Leela realized this meant that despite being unnaturally perky, her friend's boobs hung past her waist as they curved wider than her torso.

In spite of herself, Leela could feel her attraction to Myra changing as much as her friend's body had. It felt like she had known this woman for years even though they had only met this week. The word girlfriend floated across her mind and she gasped as Myra's once inscrutable overwhelming sensuality became desirable.

With a crack that only Leela seemed to notice, the reality written by the first wish bent around their relationship, moving their meeting back several years. All of a sudden she remembered growing up with her magnificently curvy friend. There was memory after memory

of her fighting people who dared to make fun of Myra's condition. It was not her fault she had the body she did. It was not like she wished for it, right?

As if sensing the change in Leela, Myra fixed her with a smoldering expression from behind dense lashes, watching her for a reaction. She ran her tongue, noticeably longer than average, around lips so full they would shame Marilyn. Leela knew this display was as much for her as it was her voluptuous friend.

"Well?" She asked, folding her arms over her boobs. "What do you think, love? Should I wish to be bigger?"

What they were doing in the clearing came back to Leela. On their first spring break, they had gone camping so they could have some alone time. They had followed the rumor of a wishing well that granted any wish to this clearing and the obviously maintained well.

"I'm not sure I could handle more of you, My. It's already hard enough to keep up with you."

"But-but-but, this is my chance! If the well really grants wishes..."

"Well, you'll certainly have a body for a specific market..."

"I know, right? It would be bloody brilliant if I was the first eight-foot tall woman to do porn, never mind setting other records."

She paused for a moment, then fished coins out of the pants she had taken off when they arrived. "Imma do it!"

In a feeling of deja vu, Leela watched her girlfriend drop a considerable amount of money into the well.

"You should get sexy, too, love! I know you want these curves."

In the moment before the light hit her, Leela felt everything grind to a halt. The pillar of light remained frozen before her. There was a pain in her head and then suddenly she remembered not one, but three lives. There were some fragments from a life where she lived a dreary existence. Others from a time where she was still hopeful about life. The majority however, were devoted to her growing up with the woman she loved and trusted above all else.

It was as if the wishes rewriting time over and over had made the threads of reality pull tight around her and Myra. There was no one in the world she cared for more than her girlfriend. She wanted to be attractive to her, but not in the same physical way. She needed to be sexy in her own way.

A wish fixed in her mind, she stepped into the pillar of light and let her fourth life break over her like a wave.

“Well?” Myra asked her. “What did you wish for?”

“You’ll see...”

“Aww that’s bleeding unfair, but I bet it’ll work out.”

“Will it?” What had she wished for just now? She honestly could not remember with the fragments of her old life still floating around in her mind. To be attractive in her own way? What did that even mean? Her mind began to spin as she debated with herself about the merits of being considered sexually attractive.

As she continued to think, her body was warming up. As she felt her shirt sleeves sliding against her arms, she realized what was happening. She was also changing. As she stopped thinking about what being sexy meant and focused on the sensation, it began to taper off. Was she changing because she was analyzing something?

“Quick, ask me something!”

“Um...what’s the story going to be if I get super big?”

“Easy, we blame faeries. Your Gran’s always telling stories about them. I figured most people will buy that something odd happened and move along.” As she worked out the social impacts of word of mouth stories, she felt the warmth return. Turning the idea over in her head, she focused on how certain similarities existed across cultures. Was there one universal story?

By then, she had grown a few inches and added a little muscle. Prowess was sexy. Presence was sexy. Just in a different way from Myra’s raw potential. It was sexy in her own way.

Myra’s moans snapped her out of her train of thought. “Leela, whatever you’re doing it’s...something about you is driving me insane. I’m so...so hot...”

“Oh? Interesting...”

“I knew you wouldn’t wish to be sexy, so that was my wish.”

“You..what?” Her mind spun at the possibilities of two wishes affecting one person. As she thought, she could almost feel Myra’s arousal wrapping around her. Was being smart exuding some kind of pheromone?

“Love, I know you aren’t the physical type, but if you keep at it, I’m going to need relief somehow.” She was on her knees now, her hand between her thick thighs. Leela could swear her girlfriend was growing again. Something about their wishes interactions was making her produce the effect Myra wanted. It was as if...

“My heightened empathy!”

“Mmmm....what was that, love?”

“I’m thinking--”

“Oh yes, keeping thinking! I love it when you’re thinking, it makes me so hot somehow...”

“That’s what I mean. Somehow the combination of wishes I have made has made me into an empathic conduit of attraction. It’s as if I am broadcasting what you want.”

“If that’s the...mmm...case, what I want is for you to test that theory on-on me. Make me into the me of my sexual fantasy!”

“Oh you’re going to be more than just your fantasy, light of my life.”

Leela walked up to Myra and patted her on the cheek. Her girlfriend almost vibrated from the touch. She glowed white for a moment and then began to grow. Leela knew it was for the second time, but Myra relished the experience like she had never felt it before.

At first she just got bigger over all, like someone had taken a picture of her and scaled it up. When her height surpassed eight feet however, something about the expansion changed. The clearing filled with the sound of gurgling and stretching as her body began to pulse.

Myra knelt as she began to pant from the sensation. Leela made sure to keep thinking to flood her beloved’s system with whatever effect was causing the changes. It was not like she did not have a lot to consider. How was this happening? Could she affect others? Just how big could Myra become?

All at once, Myra’s curves began to swell. Her tits surged down her body, filling her lap and then continuing to grow fuller and fuller. Veins began to stand out from the great pressure of her rapid expansion, but her skin continued to stretch as the not-quite implants within demanded more and more of her. She rubbed them eagerly as she moaned pleas for them to keep growing.

As that was going on, her lower half was further thickening. Her bubble butt throbbed as muscle and fat alike flowed into her from the aether. Inch by inch, her hips inflated towards being twice as wide as her shoulders. The spreading growth moved down into her legs,

plumping her quads until they enveloped her knees. Pushed forward by the spread of her lower half, Myra pressed her massive rack into the soft grass in front of Leela.

The empath shuddered as she felt her awareness briefly be replaced by Myra's. All of sudden she was looking down at herself from above cleavage nearly taller than her. Despite that, she could feel it still was not enough to sate her girlfriend's desire.

Still linked with Myra, Leela could feel her knees thickening to match her new thighs. A growth which spurred her calves to thicken until they were probably as big as Leela's torso. Climbing against her bust, Myra slowly got to her feet and the link weakened.

Leela came up to her other half's hip now and she had to duck under the impressive curve of Myra's bust while walking around her to take in every angle of her giantess girlfriend.

"Okay, so we're like this now. Do we make another wish that things turn out alright?"

"S-s-sure," Myra stammered, likely overwhelmed from the growth and Leela's influence. "Sounds bloody great, so long as you fuck me as soon as possible."

"It's a date." Leela flipped a coin into the well and the next thing she knew, she was sitting at a very large desk talking with clients who wanted to carry the fragrance she had engineered. She had been trying to capture the feeling that her unique physiology had on others in order to bottle a greatly diminished version of it. So far everyone had been fighting to be the exclusive distributor. Promising to send them a quote by the end of the day, she left the office and went home.

At the airplane hangar they had renovated, Myra was just finishing up a session with Stari and Deeva. It was going to be part of their third feature whose title was some play on words about lesbians in space. Though her giantess wife had shrunk some from that fateful day, she still towered over others. It seemed that her body slowly returned to something more human

sized after an orgasm, but Leela's scent also ensured she was growing so long as she wanted it.

As Leela walked in the room, the three of them seemed to get a second wind as her presence gripped them. She tried to keep her aphrodisiac from affecting the others too much, but it was hard to keep from thinking. It was hard to miss that the pair of blondes had already started to grow after being exposed to it for a whole week, but she was not ready to be the dominant of three giantesses. And yet...

"Love, won't you come ravish us?" Myra begged over the sound of her friends' moans.
"Please, bless us with overwhelming sensation!"

It was hard to say no to the love of her life.